

THE  
Honest JURY;

OR,

CALEB Triumphant.

A NEW

BALLAD.

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To the Tune of PACKINGTON'S POUND.

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For twelve honest Men have determin'd his Cause,  
And rescu'd from Quibbles our old English Laws.

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The SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for the Author, and sold by the Booksellers and  
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*Ballad  
100*

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CHARLES T. TRUMBULL

BALLAD

TO THE LADY OF PAXINGTON'S FOUNTAIN

For twelve years I have been in the City  
And never from my old home

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON:

Printed for the Author and sold by the Bookellers and  
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8259



II.



Of some Rogers, as yet, is not proper to name.  
 But Pillories now shall be rais'd for the shame  
 Certain'd his Lungs for to let him in the Pillory;  
 Master after — — — way

III.

**BALLAD**  
 You may call the Man for who in Treason does stand  
 And may stile him a Knave, who his Country doth plunder;  
 If the Peace be not good, it can never be a Crime  
 To wish it were better, in Prol or in Rhime;

For Sir Pp — — a well knows  
*To the Tune of Packington's Pound.*

Will serve him no longer in Verse or in Prol;  
 For twelve honest Men have decided the Cause  
 And were Judges of Right, though not Judges of Law.

I.

VI.



Ejoyce ye good Writers, your Pens are set free,  
 Your Thoughts and the Press are at full Liberty;  
 For your King and your Country you safely may  
 Although you should travel abroad  
 You may say black is black, and prove that white is white.

Let no Pamphleteers — — — Than this same

Be concern'd for their Fort, which let Cal

For every Man now shall be try'd by his Peers.

Twelve good honest Men shall decide in each Cause.

And be Judges of Right, though not Judges of Law.

This

'Tis

## II.

'Tis *Ed. Master* *Calab* a Paper did print,  
Which sometimes at *some* Folks look'd flyly a-squint;  
He weekly held forth of *no Peace* and *no War*,  
So was forc'd from his *Trade* to appear at the *Bar*.  
Thus for talking too free

Master *Attor* — — — *ney*

Strain'd his Lungs for to set him in the *Pillory*;  
But Pillories now shall be rais'd for the Shame  
Of *some Rogues*, as yet, 'tis not proper to name.

## III.

You may call the Man *fool*, who in *Treaties* does blunder.  
And may stile him a *Knave*, who his Country doth plunder;  
If the *Peace* be not good, it can ne'er be a *Crime*  
To wish it were better, in *Prose* or in *Rhime*;

For *Sir Ph* — — *p* well knows

That *Innuendoes*

Will serve him no longer in *Verse* or in *Prose*,  
For *twelve honest Men* have decided the Cause  
And were Judges of *Fact*, though not Judges of *Laws*.

## I.

## IV.

*Justice* *Judges* there sit and *twelve* *Wise* *Aldermen*,  
Many *Doctors*, many *Members*, and *Bishops* What *chance*?  
Although you should travel all *England* around,  
Amongst them *none* *honest* cannot be found,

Than this same *Fu* — — *ny*

Which set *Calab* free,

And brought in their *Verdict* be *that* *not Guilt* — *ny*  
Then let the *honest Men*, who do pay *Scot* and *Lore*,  
While *Ballads* are *Ballads*, be never forgot.



## V.

This Jury so trusty and Proof against *Rhimo*,  
 I am apt to believe to be *Jure Divino*;  
 But 'tis true in this Nation (oh! Why is it so?)  
 Men the honestest are as the lower you go.  
     So a Fish, when 'tis dead,  
     I have often heard said,  
 May be sweet at the *Tail*, tho' it stinks at the *Head*.  
 Oh! may Honesty *rise* and confound the base Tribe,  
 Who will be corrupted by *Pension* or *Bribe*.

## VI.

A *Fury* there was, when the *Pope* was in Power,  
 That brought out *Seven Bishops* alive from the *Tower*,  
 They sav'd our Religion from *Jacobite Fury*,  
 Both *that* and *King George* then we owe to a Jury.  
     So those that brought out  
     The *Bishops* — No doubt,  
 Brought in our *King George* who's so gallant and stout,  
 Then sure 'tis the Int'rest of *Country* and *King*,  
 That *Juries* should never be led in a String..

## VII.

Thus far honest *Duncan* hath prophesy'd right,  
 And prov'd himself bless'd with the true *Second Sight*,  
 Who tho' *deaf* and *dumb*, in *Astrology* famous  
 As *Partridge*, *Poor Robin*, or old *Nostradamus*,  
     Did lately divine  
     That *Caleb* should shine  
 And prevail o'er his Foes in the Year *twenty-nine*,  
 For *twelve honest Men* have determin'd his Cause,  
 And rescu'd from Quibbles our old *English Laws*.

But

## VIII.

But one Thing remains his Prædictions to crown,  
 And that is to see the *Leviathan* down;  
 Nor let us despair, for the Year is not out,  
 And a Month or two more may bring it about.  
 When in *Chorus* let's sing  
 And say God bless the *King*,  
 And grant that all *those* who deserve it may *swing*.  
 If *twelve honest Men* were to judge in this Cause,  
 One good *Verdict* more might secure all our *LAWs*.

**F I N I S**

